

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Landlord.

BY LOUISE OLIVER.

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WHEN moving time came it was unfortunate for Cornelia that both her parents had to be away. Business had taken one illness the other, and even Ben, her college brother, couldn't make his spring vacation coincide with moving time.

So with black Judas and his wife, Violet, she had managed to get china, rugs and furniture into shape for transportation across the city to the cozy new bungalow on the hillside above the river.

After all it was Cornelia's own idea, the bit of country and the roomy, spread-out place with wide verandas and fruit trees, so different from the high, narrow city house, the counterpart of thousands on streets exactly alike except for the names.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson had taken root, so to speak, in the brick and cement of the city and it had taken many months of persuasion for Cornelia to convince them that view and fresh air and individuality would compensate for inconvenience in getting to town and that the reduced expense of living would in time enable them to buy a motor car.

For days Cornelia had scoured agencies and scanned lists, waded through mud and lost her way, ruined clothes and caught colds, and altogether it had been a most disheartening process. But her courage remained unshaken and her will at last found a way, for one day she came across what she wanted—exactly! A bungalow on a hillside with a superb view of the river. This was no mere house, it was explained to her at the office, the owner having built it for himself, but he was an Englishman and had gone to war and was now somewhere in the trenches in France.

Moving day came. Cornelia rose at six and after a hurried breakfast took the car to her future home. It was a wonderful morning, cool and brisk, and even the bare streets of the city had found it impossible to crowd out spring. Bits of clover and grass were making green patches in every available inch of ground, dead looking branches were being rapidly covered with yellowish-green buds, and behind several iron fences brave patches of tulips and jonquils bloomed. As the car sped on and the distances between houses widened, nature showed her handiwork in gardens of wonderful shrubs and spring flowers.

"It's just like getting out of jail!" thought Cornelia, watching a fat robin on a lawn tug at a worm. "It is worth all the ramping and hard work to be able to live in the country. I can hardly believe it is true."

The conductor began to call stations instead of streets. At one of these Cornelia got off and made her way along the roads toward her haven on the hill that was to be her home.

She mounted the steps of the terrace and took out her key. Then the hum of a powerful motor caught her ear. Down the road were coming

MILITARY HELMET FOR SPRING



By BETTY BROWN

Our love of peace will have nothing to do with our spring millinery, for the military flare so dashing and piquant will appear upon many a spring bonnet.

To show the women who read The

West Virginian an advance spring model of the soldierly little turban, I photographed this "helmet" in the studio of Mme. Esther E. Wright of the Fashion Art League of America. It is highly polished black lisle. The feather is the wing of a gourd bird.

two immense trucks loaded with furniture.

"Some one else moving out this way!" she commented and inserted her key in the lock. The sound ceased and she looked around. The trucks had stopped in front of the bungalow.

"I don't see how they could get here so quickly." Her brows drew together. "Mr. O'Hagan said it would be an hour."

Then around the corner of the house came a man who called, "Hello, Dorgan! Come on and help me get a door open. I forgot to get the keys!" Then seeing Cornelia with her key in the lock, he hurried up the steps. "Good morning! I see the agent has sent out the keys. Stupid of me to forget them, but the arrangement was made by phone and I never thought of them. But it was kind of you to bring them. Thank you very much."

"I don't quite understand," said

Cornelia. "I rented this house a week ago and we are moving in this morning. There seems to be some mistake. McAlpin & Co. are the agents, and if you are not convinced you can call them and ask about it."

The man regarded her quietly for a minute. She was very pretty, was Cornelia—very—and one would have said that his mind was not entirely upon the fact that some one else was trying to move into the same domicile with himself.

Cornelia, in turn slightly belligerent, but calm withal, saw a tall, pale man, well dressed, who held his hat with the grace of the king of Spain, or any other well-bred monarch.

"What shall we do to McAlpin & Co.?" asked the man quietly. "They assured me the property was without a tenant, and that I could certainly move in. But, you see, such large agencies, with so many clerks, do make mistakes. However, to annihilate them won't help matters much, will it? That wouldn't change the house into two houses. And for us to demolish one another wouldn't do either, would it, because—" he paused an instant—"well, because it wouldn't. You said 'we' were moving in. That implies a family?" interrogatively.

"Yes, my father and mother and brother. I am Cornelia Anderson."

"So, you see, to do away with you still leaves a father and mother and brother. Now with me it's different. I'm alone! And if you will look at me with a little more tolerance, I will beat a hasty retreat and take my cook stove and rocking chairs along with me."

"Cornelia, completely mollified, held out the key. "Under the circumstances we have no more right to the house than you have. I can't possibly move our furniture into it knowing that I am leaving an American and a gentleman out in the cold world without any home."

They laughed together. "But," he protested, "you wouldn't exactly be leaving me without a home. I really was only going to use the place as a sort of storage house for my things for the time being—not a home, you see, at least for some time to come."

Moreover, the world isn't cold—not now. I thought it was a little dreary and chilly this morning, but things have brightened wonderfully. Besides I'm not altogether an American gentleman. I'm an English soldier just now."

"Then you—then this is your house! You are my landlord!"

"Don't call me that, please—it sounds so unfriendly."

"But the house is yours! They told

me all about you at the office!"

"True enough! But that hasn't anything to do with the case. I'm home on sick leave. I'm going back soon. All I'm doing now is to make havoc of other people's plans. So I'm better out of the way."

Cornelia was silent a minute. Then, "There's an immense attic! would that be of any use?"

He caught her meaning. "That's a bully idea! Don't you need it—the garret, I mean?"

"No, indeed! We'd be glad to have you use it!"

"Thanks awfully. Then it's settled. I'll tell Dorgan he can put the things in. I must be off on the one o'clock train, and I've some business to attend to before I leave."

Cornelia was silent. Try as she would, she could think of nothing to say in parting. But the soldier went on. "Will you come to the end of the veranda with me where there is a better view of the river?"

She went with him.

"A soldier in active service cannot afford to lose a minute. Don't think me abrupt, if you can help it, but try to understand that after the next few minutes I may never see you again. And I'd like to go away with the feeling that you'd hope for me to come back. Is it a hopeless wish?"

Cornelia did not stop to understand the panic in her heart as she answered him slowly:

"No—I do hope very much that you will come home soon—safe and sound. I shall be very, very glad to see you."

He caught her hand suddenly in his. "Dear girl," he said earnestly. "I'll come!"

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pencils, chewing gum, pieces of candy, toys, or any of the other objects that are passed around and handled by children.

A number of diphtheria epidemics have been caused by infected milk and flies may carry the germs about and leave them where they will reach the mouth and throat.

Diphtheria is one of the diseases for which we have a definite and specific cure in antitoxin. The serious symptoms and death by diphtheria are caused by the poison or toxin formed by the germ. The antitoxin neutralizes and makes the toxin harmless. If used early it is practically certain to cure the disease.

Economy in Cooking!

By BIDDY BYE

To boil a cracked egg wrap it in greased paper.

To make a very tough piece of meat tender, rub baking soda into it and let stand several hours, then wash thoroughly, and cook.

Boil sausages eight minutes before frying them, and they will neither shrink nor break in the frying pan.

Melt the butter or lard for baking pastry, beat it to a cream before mixing with the flour, and the quantity required will be about half that given in ordinary recipes. This is worth testing.

By adding a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of milk, the latter can be kept sweet for several days.

To stone raisins quickly, pour boiling water over them and let them soft for a few minutes.

Be careful not to roast meat too long. Considerable weight is lost by a drying out process in the oven.

Let boiled meat, whether beef, ham or corned beef, soak in the kettle after cooking until ready to serve.

Moist meat cuts for serving with greater economy than dry meat.

Cook chops and cutlets in a crumb batter.

BURNS FATAL TO BRIDE

WHEELING, W. Va., Jan. 9.—Mrs. Nick Kowalski, aged 22, a bride of three months, died at the North Wheeling hospital from burns sustained when she attempted to start a fire with the aid of an oil can. Her husband, in an attempt to save her, suffered burns which will probably cause his death.

HEALTH HINTS

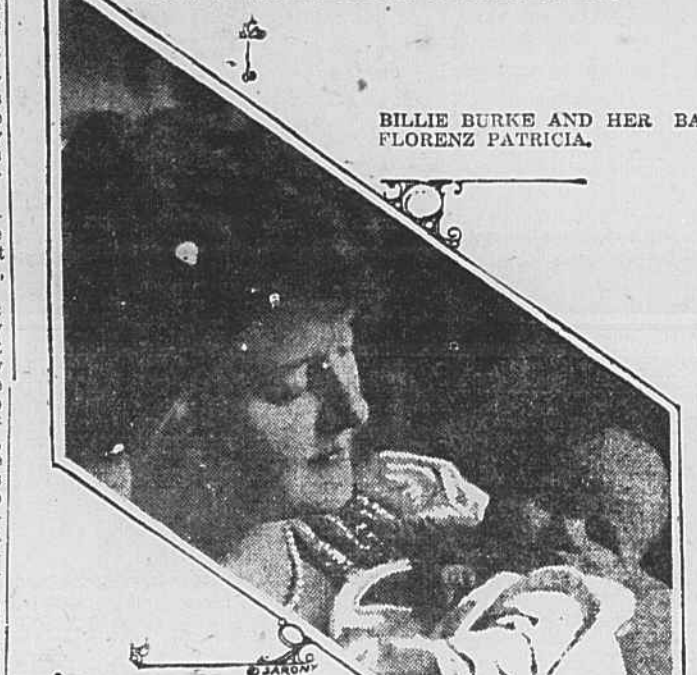
It is hard to check many communicable diseases because the germs are often spread by well people, called "carriers," who cannot be detected and isolated as sick people are.

In diphtheria, however, the bacteriologist can detect these carriers easily by examining a culture taken from the throat.

Diphtheria germs enter the body by way of either the mouth or the nose. They may be coughed out and inhaled or by spitting they may be spread about in a most dangerous manner.

They have been found on public drinking cups, and they may be on

HOW I WILL BRING UP MY BABY.



BILLIE BURKE AND HER BABY, FLORENCE PATRICIA.

BY BILLIE BURKE.

(Written Especially for This Newspaper.)

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Both my nurse and my doctor have told me the chief cause of infant mortality is excessive and irregular feeding.

My doctor said: "Most babies are literally killed by mistaken kindness. If a child cries from overfeeding, its mother feeds it again and its little stomach is kept distended, then when the child begins to hiccup, the mother flies to the sugar bowl—a remedy worse than the disease."

My nurse says that when a baby begins to develop stomach trouble it is her plan to give the digestive organs a complete rest of from six to twelve hours, giving nothing except a teaspoonful of cool water every fifteen or twenty minutes and that she keeps the child outdoors as much as possible.

She tells me that when this method is strictly carried out all nausea and vomiting will cease, and a small amount of nourishment may be given and it will be found the baby will retain and digest it.

This is the method I shall pursue with my baby if she needs it.

My nurse tells me constipation, as well, is generally due to overfeeding. The tiny stomach, overburdened with food, cannot digest properly each new supply of milk which comes in contact with the semi digested coagula of the preceding meal and the mass will pass into the intestinal canal and impact causing constipation and oftentimes serious illness.

Because I know much intestinal trouble is caused by lack of pure cool water to little Flo between meals.

This amount of water will be increased as she grows older. The water should be only cool, for a baby's stomach is too tender for very cold or very hot food.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"How do you do, Miss Newton," drawled Geraldine, without offering her hand, as Earnest carefully introduced me to the party sitting opposite us at one of Polk's long tables.

"My first inclination was to say, 'It can't be, Jerry, that I am so changed that you don't know me,' but before I could say a word the drawing voice of the Englishman said, Miss Townsend, you certainly have seen Miss Newton's wonderful delineation of the American young girl."

"Yes, I've seen Miss Newton play Eliza," was Jerry's crisp reply.

"Poor Lord Beauchamp looked rather crestfallen, but much to my surprise he moved over to where I sat as soon as the place was vacant."

"Oh, I say, Miss Newton," he said, "I've been wanting to meet you ever since I saw you play the other night, and when Mr. Lawton said he was going to bring you down here to dinner I persuaded the Misses Townsend to go glumming too."

"I laughed, Margie—wasn't that just like a tactless Englishman to suggest that Polk's, the place in all New York where you find youth and enthusiasm and Bohemianism, was slumming."

"Something in the White Chapel way, don't you know," he said.

"I don't think you quite understand our American institutions and ideas," I said to him. "For instance, every one you see here tonight, with perhaps the exception of your friends and yourself and Mr. Lawton and myself, knows down in his heart that he could make this old world over if he thought it was worth while. It is youth in its exuberance you are seeing, the youth and temperament of America which after all leavens the lump of conservatism and helps the old world on if not in the way the youngsters would have it."

"Now, doesn't she talk like an old woman of experience, that baby child, there?" said Earnest, who was shamelessly leaving Geraldine and Gertrude to themselves while he was trying to enter conversation with us.

"Jerry, who was always more like Aunt Rachel than Gertrude, picked up her ears when Earnest called me 'baby child.' I could just hear her repeating the words to some of my old-time friends. The spirit of contrariness took possession of me and I said:

"My dear Earnest, you must not call me pet names in public. Besides, such young women of the world as the Misses Townsend, whose names I see in the society columns almost daily, will hardly concede that an actress could be so unsophisticated as to merit the name of 'baby child.'"

"I know that would be enough for Earnest, for whatever his faults he would never allow any one to cast as-

persions upon the thing he loved best next to himself—his adored profession."

"The sweetest, best, truest and most devoted women I have known were actresses," he asserted.

"I can well believe that," said Lord Beauchamp with a low bow to me.

"Jerry got up with a flourish."

"Don't you think we have had about enough of this?" she asked, and Gertrude and Lord Beauchamp got up too.

"So glad to have met you," said Jerry extending her hand.

"I ignored the hand and said, looking her straight in the eyes, 'Do you know, Miss Townsend, I have been thinking what a wonderful actress you would make.'"

"Do you mean that as a compliment, Miss Newton," she asked with an audacious smile.

"Not so much a compliment, as a fact, my dear Miss Townsend," was my parting shot.

"Baby child, I never saw you catfish before," remarked Earnest plainly.

"I did not mean to be, Earnest, dear, but you can see what an actress Jerry Townsend is when I tell you she is my own cousin and for years I was as intimate with her as a sister, before my mother died."

"Well, I'll be d—," remarked Earnest as I burst into tears."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.)—BY ALLMAN.

THIS WILL BE THE FIRST MASQUERADE PARTY I EVER WENT TO

OH, TOM, I DROPPED MY FAN OUT OF THE TAXI—HAVE THE DRIVER STOP, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AND GET IT!



Osgood's Special Values ON NEW Suits, Coats

Mr. D. M. Osgood's trip to the Market last week resulted in a very advantageous purchase of about 100 Suits and Coats.

The Styles and Models represent late Mid-Winter Models and are therefore very desirable.

The prices are very low, having been bought at a similar figure, and of course will be turned over quickly to you, on a small margin of profit.

These New Suits and Coats, together with our remaining regular stocks are now on Sale at

One-Third Less Than Regular Price

The best choice is presented to the earliest choosers.

Hardly Never. Brown—Is it always raining in London? Green—No; sometimes it is just going to or just has.—Judge.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THIS STOPS HAIR FROM FALLING OUT

Ever count the dead hairs in your comb and brush? They are nature's warning of future baldness and proof that the dangerous dandruff germ is busy on your scalp.

Dr. Sangerbund, the famous Paris specialist, first discovered that dandruff and falling hair are caused by a microbe. Then came the discovery of the value of the real Parisian Sage (liquid form) in destroying the dandruff germ and promptly preventing the further loss of hair. The effect of only "three days' use of Parisian Sage is simply marvelous, and the American people have now awakened to the fact that they can be quickly rid of dandruff and save their hair by using Parisian Sage.

Parisian Sage is sold by the Mountain City Drug company and good druggists everywhere. It's inexpensive, daintily perfumed, free from stickiness, and will surely cause hair to grow soft, lustrous and really seem twice as abundant.

PUZZLE GET A LOT

Here are nine squares. Can you put a figure (no two alike) in each square so as to make a total of 15 by adding them up and down and cross ways? As an advertisement we will send a lot at Atlantic City, Md., which has one of the finest beaches in the world, to any one (white race) solving this puzzle. Small fee for deed and expenses. Send your solution with 4c in postage for copy of prospectus to

THE ATLANTIC REALTY CO., 206 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Quality Purity Accuracy Safety

The four elements of successful medicines guaranteed by our label on your prescriptions.

Mountain City Drug Co.

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE